

CARRIGDHOUN

**ON CARRIGDHOUN THE HEATH IS BROWN
THE CLOUDS ARE DARK OVER ARDNALIA
AND MANY A STREAM COMES RUSHING DOWN
TO SWELL THE ANGRY OWNABWEE
THE MOANING BLAST IS SWEEPING FAST
THRU MANY A LEAFLESS TREE
AND I'M ALONE, FOR HE IS GONE
MY HAWK IS FLOWN, OCHONE MACHREE!**

**THE HEATH WAS GREEN ON CARRIGDHOUN
BRIGHT SHONE THE SUN OVER ARDNALIA
THE DARK GREEN TREES BENT TREMBLING DOWN
TO KISS THE SLUMBERING OWNABWEE;
THAT HAPPY DAY, 'T WAS BUT LAST MAY,
'TIS LIKE A DREAM TO ME
WHEN DONAILL SWORE, AYE O'ER AND O'ER
WE'D PART NO MORE, OH STOR MACHREE!**

**SOFT APRIL SHOWERS AND BRIGHT MAY FLOWERS
WILL BRING THE SUMMER BACK AGAIN
BUT WILL THEY BRING ME BACK THE HOURS
I SPENT WITH MY BRAVE DONAILL THEN?
'TIS BUT A CHANCE, FOR HE'S GONE TO FRANCE
TO WEAR THE FLEUR-DE-LIS
BUT I'LL FOLLOW YOU, MY DONAILL DHU,
FOR STILL I'M TRUE TO YOU, MACHREE!**